

Press-Herald

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How to Beat the Law

The disclosure last week that the Southern California Teamsters Council 42 was advising its members on methods of circumventing disqualification clauses for jobless pay benefits pointed up a real need for a hard-nosed look at the state's more than generous benefit laws.

In the case last week, the Unemployment Insurance Association spotted the tip to workers in a bulletin issued by the Teamsters Council. The bulletin advised its readers how they could avoid the penalties by taking another job, even for a few hours, to change the quality of their LAST employment. Said the Council:

"For example, if a claimant last worked for twenty years and was fired for slugging his employer or quit because he did not like the attitude of his employer he will be disqualified until he has earned five times his weekly benefit. But if the same individual holds off from filing a claim and works half a day as a lumper, or driving a taxi or picking tomatoes and is then laid off, he is NOT subject to penalty. So if you quit or are fired, play it safe and try to get a temporary job before you go down to file a claim."

We are convinced that such procedures were not envisioned by those who supported the Teamster-sponsored Assembly Bill 518 which boosted jobless pay from \$55 to \$65 a week.

We are equally convinced that those persons advocating a deliberate ruse to circumvent the intent of the legislation are ethically and morally wrong.

Said the Unemployment Insurance Association spokesman: "This irresponsible attitude by one of our major unions is typical in the field of unemployment insurance and is one of the reasons the UI tax is so high in California. It is especially unfortunate when viewed in the light of the recent report . . . which points out that even with the higher taxes voted by the Legislature in 1965, there will probably have to be a further tax increase in order to finance the new \$65 a week benefit."

The homeowner, consumer, wage earner—he's the end of the line.

And you know who will have to fork up that money. The tax collector's hand is in his pocket.

OTHERS SAY:

Dial M for Mishmash

It is possible, of course, to get a wrong number despite the high efficiency of our modern telephone service; and the staff of the Federal Communications Commission has really dialed one.

As a key part of the current FCC investigation of American Telephone and Telegraph Company rates, the staff would have the commission order AT&T to sell its printed-message service to Western Union, with a threat of Congressional action as a convincer. Western Union's telegraph-message volume has dropped 60 per cent since 1945, while its rates were climbing 160 per cent. Telephone rates have been going down while the industry has been expanding.

Obviously Western Union needs help. Even the same FCC staff study expressed concern for the "adequacy of the carrier's performance" and the "need for remedial action." Giving it a monopoly on the printed-message service hardly seems a hopeful solution, however. Certainly the labor union most concerned doesn't think so. J. A. Beirne, president of the Communications Workers of America (AFL-CIO) has called the move "a monumental bureaucratic blunder," and sees in it only the destruction of thousands of jobs and the elimination of consumer choice.

Impetus for the FCC investigation of AT&T rates did not come from the consumers but from competitors and state regulatory agencies. As Mr. Beirne also pointed out, telephone rates have been approved by the same FCC that is now investigating them.

Perhaps the Commission could better spend its time investigating a gigantic communications service that really is in trouble, with thousands of customer complaints every day, with service slowed down by new "speed up" programs, with staffs overworked. We refer to the U. S. postal service. But of course it is a governmental monopoly, so bigness isn't bad, and its wasteful inefficiency nothing to get excited about.—California Feature Service

Morning Report:

We are a nation of do-it-yourselfers in everything from painting the kitchen to foreign relations—especially foreign relations. Thus is Secretary Dean Rusk particularly blessed with help.

At present Mike Mansfield, U.S. Senator from Montana, and a covey of fellow statesmen from both parties, are abroad to see what's doing. They stopped off in Paris and later spent two hours in the Kremlin. The party will end up in Viet Nam, where Senator Ted Kennedy has already milked the headlines.

The Constitution provides that the Senate shall give "advice and consent" on treaties. And I figure Secretary Rusk is due for a lot of advice when Congress meets again. Nothing makes a Senator so full of it as a trip abroad.

Abe Mellinkoff



STAN DELAPLANE

Resort Costs Skyrocket On Rum and Sugar Isles

The rum and sugar islands of the Caribbean are getting the big action this winter — probably because they're spending millions on those four-color calypso ads. (You can almost smell the Planter's punch on the table.)

Air travel and cruise ships are quite reasonable. But—

Resort costs are a pirate's ransom. Folders quote \$75 and \$85 a day for two—and only two meals. The places are elegant — I imagine you can draw champagne from the tap. But they charge.

However, you can shop for something reasonable. Not easy. The little guest houses can't afford to advertise in a big way. But try these:

Puerto Rico: Send for a little magazine called "Que Pasa." Lists small hotels there and in some nearby islands. Better send a dollar. Tell them what you are looking for.

Virgin Islands: Something like "Que Pasa" is "Here's How," Box 1795, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. Send a dollar on this too. Address Jeanne Harman and tell her what price range you're looking for.

Bahamas: Write Bahamas Development Board, Nassau, Bahamas. They'll send a free price listing with descriptions.

Jamaica, Trinidad, Martinique — just a letter to the Tourist Board in each island will get some listings.

Thing to remember in all the islands is they ALL have small guest houses—it's a Caribbean custom. Beautiful, nutmeg-smelling islands with wonderful swimming. But pricey in the big hotels.

So to the mail—

"My husband and I and another couple were sold one gallon of liquor each in

Mexico City by two congenial fellows who assured us we could take it back home. At Los Angeles, Customs graciously allowed us to select one bottle each and confiscated sixteen from all of us. . . ."

Too bad. But that's the new law. You can only bring back a fifth — except from American Samoa and the Virgin Islands. From there it's still one gallon.

"I would like to send an electric blanket to a friend in Italy, but will our blankets work on their current?"

Probably. Most of Italy is 110-volt current like ours. (A few places have odd current so your friend should check.) But more important, you must find out if this will pass Italian Customs. Or how much it will be.

Americans send a lot of presents overseas without thinking that foreign countries often have complicated laws about imports. Often it costs the persons a lot. Or even isn't worthwhile. Don't surprise friends with gifts. Ask them if the gift can get in.

"Can friends of ours in England send us toy soldiers? And how much duty would we pay here?"

Have them send a few at a time in packages worth less than \$10. Mark them "Gift—less than \$10 value"—and they enter duty-free. But only ONE package each day. As many days and packages as you like. Anybody can do this as long as you follow the rule: Less than \$10; not more than one a day to the same person. (If you are touring and shopping in Europe, these gifts are NOT counted against the \$100 exemption

you get on things you carry back with you.)

There's a toy soldier store in Shepherd's Market—right across from the local pub called "Shepherd's." Very authentic and collectors' items. Not just for children.

"My husband is a fishing bug and has heard there is wonderful fishing in New Zealand."

I saw rainbow trout—dozens of them—none of them under five pounds. It's fishing paradise — stream or lake. And there's supposed to be excellent sea fishing. There are so many deer they'll thank you to hunt them. (The Government has to employ hunters to thin them out.) Write Air New Zealand — (that must be the old, reliable TEAL of the South Pacific) — who are starting jet service between New Zealand and the West Coast. Address 516 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles.

Those rainbows were imported from California. The sea change does something for them and they've grown to incredible size. The deer were brought in from England. There are no natural killers. The deer have gone wild all over the place.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Pageantry of Lincoln's Death, Burial Recalled

There is no evidence that two illustrated books on the shooting, funeral journey, national mourning and other high drama that followed the assassination of Abraham Lincoln is in any way connected with the rash of successful books that followed the Kennedy tragedy. Yet here they are, two diaries of death a century later. With all their historical elements, including rare and extraordinary photographs, one wonders if they are not, even psychologically, geared to the Kennedy pictorial and memorials.

"Twenty Days," a narrative in text and pictures from the point of Lincoln's death to his burial in Springfield 20 days later, is the more impressive of the two at hand. This is by Dorothy M. Kunhardt and her son, Philip B. Kunhardt Jr., an assistant managing editor of Life magazine, whose family has collected Lincoln photographs and Lincolniana for nearly a century. They have been engaged on this morbid aspect of the Lincoln story for a number

of years. So one must agree that their document is not something hurriedly assembled following the tragedy of November, 1963.

"When Lincoln Died," Ralph Borreson's account of the shooting, funeral journey, pursuit and trial of the conspirators, is less a pictorial triumph than "Twenty Days." The author, an Iowa teacher and Lincoln scholar, explains that his project has been in the works for several years, as well.

Scholarship and pictorial values aside, I enjoy Lincoln alive, as Cary Sandburg wrote about him, rather than in his funeral role. Here is the Lincoln of death masks; the lifeless face in a coffin; the solemn movement of the cortege; the violence that attended the procession in Philadelphia; New Yorkers darkening rooftops and invading trees as the body passes by. This is the Lincoln of artifacts, altars, and grotesque-ness of death; a gaudy municipal trappings, as though Michigan City were trying in its mournful vulgarity to

outdo Chicago, where 36 maidens surrounded the hearse as it passed through an improvised arch of positively Byzantine grandeur. This was the American way of official death a century ago, and was awful.

"Twenty Days" does not neglect the death of the conspirators, the scaffolds, the freshly dug graves. There is a photograph of Mary Surrat being fitted for a white hood on the gallows. ("Everyone thought Mrs. Surrat had died instantly. She just swung and twirled — perfectly quiet.")

At the end of "The War Years," Carl Sandburg wrote an 11-page chapter, "Vast Pageant, Then Great Quiet," which told the story of the funeral journey. He told it economically and well, and that should suffice. The pictures here are another thing. The lingering shock of the 1963 assassination will not dampen interest in either book, as I am sure the publishers of each are aware.

"Twenty Days" by Dorothy M. and Philip B. Kunhardt Jr., Harper, 306 pp., \$9.95. "When Lincoln Died," by Ralph Borreson, Appleton-Century, 212 pp., \$8.95.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

'Senior Fathers' Install Cary Grant as President

CAEN OPENS: If Princess Margaret and Lord Tony invite you to their London digs to see some movies, by all means GO. They liked S.F. so much they requested a film — and the Convention & Visitors Bureau sent 'em its prize-winning "Wonderful World of San Francisco" (in living Friscolor) . . . Cary Grant was at S.F. Int'l Airport (en route from Tokyo to L.A.) hanging around just long enough to be sworn in as new President of the Senior Fathers of America. At 61, his bride is expecting a baby in April, he assumes ascendancy over such distinguished Old Pops as Bing Crosby, Nelson Rockefeller, and Charlie Chaplin.

THAT'S ME ALL OVER: Actor Horst Buchholz, wearing a blazer with the gold letter "B" on the breast pocket, stepped into a Fairmont elevator, which he shared with a stern-looking elderly couple. The man looked at Horst's longish hair (for a movie role), then at the "B" and said nastily: "I suppose that 'B' stands for Berkeley." Horst: "No." The ensuing heavy silence was broken by the wife, who sneered to her husband: "Well, even if it did, he wouldn't admit it" . . . Comedian Woody "Pussycat" Allen, who got \$650 a wk. when he played the hungry i a couple of yrs. ago opened there at \$5,000 per . . . Sean Connery, with toupee and wife, plus his buddy Buddy Greco, took a bow at the Condor and lived to regret it. For all I know, he's still signing autographs . . . Designer Yves Saint Laurent and

Trader Vic are in love. Yes: "You have the best food in the country." Vic: "And you are the best designer in the business — young, easy lines, contemporary." Bystanders got the feeling they might dance off together any minute.

BACK TO ABNORMAL: Harry Waters, boss of the Huntington Hotel, rec'd a handsome token from a recent distinguished guest: a gold pencil inscribed with the British royal crest and the initial "M" . . . You think I'm mean about Oakland? I'm a doll. The New Republic magazine describes it as "a good symbol of intolerance: a big, ugly, unsophisticated city with a bitter Negro population and a brutal police force." Hey! . . . If you see a man in a sweat suit running up and down Clay St., 3700 block, one of these 6 a.m.'s, that would be Paul "Red" Fay Jr., the ex-Undersecretary of the Navy, working off the effects of a late party. . . . Final footnote: Princess Margaret thinks she looks like Rita Tushingham, but does Rita think she looks like Princess Margaret? No. . . . Add sightings: Edward G. Robinson at Ernie's restaurant with a six-inch beard, eight-inch cigar, 72-inch girl . . . Add 14-karat karaters: The Avis Rent-A-Car guy who, when he closes the office for his 3:30 p.m. coffee break, sticks a sign on the window reading "Why Settle for Second Best?"

MEANWHILE: Newest application for a nursing job on file at Mills Memorial

Hosp. in San Mateo: Kathryn Grant (Mrs. Bing) Crosby's. She's ready for action as soon as she finishes her December Hyatt Theater date as "Peter Pan" . . . Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudi Nureyev, all set to dance here Dec. 26-27-28, have been canceled by the S.F. Ballet, whose bosses feared they wouldn't be able to sell out the Opera House so soon after Christmas. The pair will, however, dance in L.A. right after New Year's, and is this getting monotonous? . . . Jim Athens, the S.F. auctioneer, walked into the King George Hotel in Athens a few days ago, asked the room clerk: "Do you have a reservation for Athens?" and got for an answer: "How do you spell it?"

BOB HOPE making a flick with Phyllis Diller titled "Boy, Did I Get a Wrong Number," describes her variously as "The Liz Taylor of the Twilight Zone." "She looks like she went to the electric chair and lived" and "Dr. Zorba's mother," but ol' masochistic Phyl just laughs and laughs . . . "Cradle - snatcher" they shouted at Mel Bell when he walked into the Playboy Club with a beautiful young girl on his arm, but 'twas his 23-yr-old ghim, Jean, a student nurse . . . Vic Morrow, the talented star of TV's "Combat," came here for the showing of the first flick he has directed—Jean Genet's "Death Watch," a folksy tale of homosexuality in prison. "It starts with a beheading," he confided, "and after that it really gets kinda grim."

ROYCE BRIER

West Must Deny Nuclear Weapons to the Germans

Forty-seven years ago German power fell apart with the biggest bang heard in history up to that time.

The Germans had been asking for it since Bismarck's day. It is not that they were more evil than other Europeans, but that they had a penchant for following power-mad leaders without asking questions.

This is not an exclusive German trait, and we need not be smug about it, but the Germans had an almost psychopathic conviction of their Teutonic superiority. As we of a later day know, this conviction was only arrested in 1918, not destroyed, and in 15 years, it had resumed its sway, with fur-

ther bad results for most of mankind, including particularly the Germans.

So for two decades the Germans have been on probation, so to speak, lest their conviction of superiority mislead them again. You would think two colossal failures would convince them, but in history you never can tell.

The most unswerving supporters of probation for the Germans have been the Russians. This was to be expected, since the Russians in this century have suffered more at the hands of the Germans than any other people.

The latter-day key to the use of power to prove superiority is the nuclear weapon. With it, anybody subject to delusions of superiority can make a trial of it. The Germans don't have it because those who overturned their power in 1945 have forbidden it to them, the natural and not unreasonable outcome of the Hitlerian adventure.

Recently Chancellor Erhard addressed his parliament demanding nuclear weapons for West Germany. He called the prohibition an "unjust" discrimination, and said he would submit his case to President Johnson next month.

In 20 years, a great deal has happened in history, but one circumstance has not materially changed. This is a balance of world power between the two foremost proprietors of the nuclear weapons, the United States and the Soviet Union.

This balance of power is neither satisfactory to those who wield it nor those outside it. But it is better for everybody than no balance of power, because it has kept world peace from being totally demolished. It gives promise of enduring for a cycle if nothing unforeseen occurs.

But the balance will be lost, and the substance of world peace can be seriously endangered by the intersection of a third nuclear force in the hands of so competent and energetic a people as the Germans, and this applies particularly to hydrogen bombs and missiles to deliver them.

The Russians fear the Germans — right now! — they have been overrun by them. We are not in the business of comforting the Russians, but we are in the business of preserving the substance of world peace.

Therefore, the Germans should still be forbidden the nuclear weapon for this cycle of history. The old saw about letting sleeping dogs lie can be folly in one circumstance, the utmost prudence in another. The latter seems to be one of them.

We Quote . . .

The person who is good natured is bound to be imposed upon. — Duane C. Griggs, New London (Iowa) Journal.

A fellow complained to us the other day that he's having trouble with his car—the engine won't start and the payments won't stop.—Mrs. Lois Matson, The Kletter (Minn.) Courier.

We have gladly paid taxes for the support of a magnificent educational institution. We were unaware that we are supporting what looks like a staging ground for anarchy. — Mathew A. Johnson on UC Viet marches.

Today's young people don't know what real hardship is. They rely upon government to provide many things they could and should do for themselves. — Warren Woodson, Chula Vista.

The reason there's no fool like an old fool is that he's had more practice. — Mrs. Langdon Owen, Daly City.

Instead of working for programs which will make it profitable to stay away from public assistance programs, there is profit in welfare, profit in illegitimacy, profit in unemployment, profit in disability. — Assemblyman Robert T. Monagan.